

Satiny Smooth by IllusionedZealot

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Mike seeks revenge on his sister, for no particular reason.

Satiny Smooth

It was family dinner again, and like every night these days, Nancy found herself rolling her eyes at yet another nerdy thing her brother said. With a disgusted shake of her head, she added another bite of mashed potatoes into her mouth.

“So then what have you been up to then Nanc? Studying shouldn’t be so loud.” Mike chuckled at his accusing words as he punctuated his statement with his fork. Gasping Nancy looked to Mike and growled out the demand for him to zip it.

Once dinner was over the two separated to their own rooms, Mike began dwelling on a thought that had kept him up well past any hour he should have watched roll over on his clock the night before. Huffing dramatically he settled on distracting himself from his own mind, he’d just ask his mom if he could spend the night at Dustin’s house. He may have been the designated hangout with his awesome basement, but dealing with Dustin’s sugary sweet mother with an obsession with her cat sounds way better than this. Among other reasons, he’d be away from the temptation that these thoughts brought. He paused packing things into his backpack as the image of his sister running out of the bathroom half dressed and screaming that there had been a huge spider in the shower. He remembered how dewey and soft her legs looked, still damp from the water, how her shirt, not quite long enough to cover all of her behind clung to her chest, the thin fabric stretched and soaking through- cutting himself out of the thoughts he was having, he shook his head and quickly threw in the last of the things he wanted to bring before running out of his room.

Only seconds after he left his doorway, he collided with an unsteady but warm figure. Looking up he realized it was just Nancy, rolling his eyes he shoved past her, however not too hard to not her over. He hated that he cared about that now... “Watch where you’re going, you’ll get someone killed.” His comment was a bit over exaggerated, but he didn’t he just wanted to forget how warm she felt, or how he could smell her perfume when they ran into each other.

“Whatever twerp, I was just coming to tell you that Dustin’s mom

called and said that he's sick too, just like Lucas and Will, so there's a nasty flu going around. Mom wants you to stay in tonight because you might get sick or something, but honestly, it would probably do you some good." She said the last part thudding her finger against the top of Mike's head as she began walking past him towards the stairs. She stopped after a couple steps and turned around to him and added, one hand on her sharp hip. "And I'm going to Barb's house so I don't get whatever you freaks have." With her last words, she turned on her heel and continued down the stairs.

Mike's fists had balled at his sides, now fuming because he wouldn't be able to get away from all of this, he stormed back into his room, shutting his door and tossing his overstuffed backpack to the corner. Comedically, he stroked his chin in dramatic thought as he paced beside his bed. *'I just wanted to get away from her so her stupidity wouldn't make me think things like that. Although mom always said she wanted us to love each other and be closer. Perhaps! But not THIS close'* His minds inner monolog raged on in a battle of morals, each point coming from what felt like a different part of him.

One miracle thought passed behind his eyes, stopping his pacing as a wide grin split onto his face. *'I'll get her back! For distracting me for two weeks, for being such a jerk all the time about basically everything.'* Mike settled that he would steal a pair of his sister's underwear in order to get her back. Nevermind the voice in the back of his head telling him that he just wanted to do this for other reasons, he set off to Nancy's room, looking both ways so that no one would interrupt his master plan. He carefully entered her room, quietly closing the door behind him and slowly creeping over to her dresser, he checked the top drawer, but only found nightgowns, opening the second he squinted at the ridiculous amount of socks she had, with opening the third, he whispered a joyful "Jackpot" before rummaging through to find one of her nicer pairs.

When a nice enough set slipped through his fingers, he took a moment to marvel at the soft silkiness and that was when that voice in the back of his head became overwhelmingly loud once again. Images of the soft fabric pressed against even more sensitive parts of himself flooded his mind, causing his body to begin showing an interest at the idea he'd never thought he'd have. *'I couldn't possibly jerk off with this.....or could I? Maybe it would stop all of this and I*

could move on with my life, it's not like it would hurt anything....although I'd have to clean them if I didn't just throw them away..' He thought to himself for a good moment before nature kicked in and no matter how he did it, he'd need to get rid of the pressured issue between his thighs.

Sitting himself onto the edge of her bed, with a shaky breath and an unsteady hand he unzipped his pants and testingly brushed the panties against his stiffened boner, a sharp gasp passed between his parted lips. It actually felt amazing, he didn't want to think anymore, he wrapped the panties around his throbbing dick and began slowly stroking himself, the fabric caressing his heated skin until it drove him mad. His hips canted into his own hand, silently begging as he gave himself exactly what his body craved and quickened his pace, the knot in his stomach winding itself so tight that he huffed out a low whimpering moan as he looked down towards his lap. Upon the sight of the leaking tip of his dick dipping in and out of the smooth material a strangled moan began in the back of his throat, the last strings of his control snapping as he came into Nancy's underwear.

Breathing unevenly, the reality of his situation hit him and he knew he had to get himself to his room so he can dwell on this too. Rushing he wiped himself clean and balled the panties up before shoving them into his pocket and leaving her room. Only a few more steps until he'd be in the clear, he ran into something warm and fragrant again, to Mike's horror, Nancy stood in front of him.

"How about you watch where you're going! Hey, what's up with you?" his eyes widened as he realized she had no clue where he came from.

"What are you even doing home, thought you left to talk about boys." He tried to keep his voice steadier than his trembling hands.

"Yeah, Barb is apparently sick too, somehow you nerds must have given her your disease. But seriously dude, you don't look so well, you're probably sick too, get away from me." Brushing past him, a scrunched up look of disgust on her face, he used this to quickly get into his room, close the door and lean his back against it.

Padding his hand over his bulging pocket. "Guess I'll just keep these."